

THE MISSIONARY,  
Tale by the celebrated Miss Owenson, three  
in one, with a Likeness engraved by the first  
artist  
OF BRITTANY, an Historical Romance.  
Three volumes in one

tion of Bretagne with the French under Charles  
Louis XII and the final extinction of the  
duence in France, will always be subjects of  
rest—and not inferior to the most striking in  
fiction." History of France.

HER'S TALES to his DAUGHTER,  
Bouilly, member of the academy of arts and  
of Tours, &c. &c.—translated from the  
—Two volumes in one. Aug. 31.

TO THE PUBLIC.  
County of Hampshire & Commonwealth of Mass.  
Aug. 1811.

the good of those of my fellow men, who may  
rinence the loss of health, I make the following  
of fact.—That one year and a half, I was in  
ce of excessive labour, afflicted with pain in  
y sides, difficulty of breathing, some cough and  
sh; made use of a variety of medicines from  
physicians to no effect, for twelve months. I  
d myself under the care of Dr. George Rogey,  
y the use of his Vegetable Pulmonic Detergent,  
vegetable treatment for about three months, I  
am restored to the enjoyment of evidently in-  
creased health and soundness; in; and I have a  
reason to attribute my recovery to the use of the  
TABLE PULMONIC DETERGENT,

and recommend it as a safe and efficacious medi-  
CALVIN HYDE  
have mentioned very valuable medicine is for  
the Lottery and Exchange Office of  
R. HUNTINGTON,  
No. 1, Exchange street—BOSTON,—  
nt and Vender.

for sale at R. H's, almost every kind of genuine  
ved patent Medicines, particularly the much  
d Dr Hunter's Pills; Relf's aromatic Pills;  
f's botanical Drops and all medicines prepared  
f CONWAY. Also, essence of peppermint. Opo-  
Lee's Pills, Turlington's Balsom, Denison's Bit-  
-Salve, Cold Cream, British Oil, Scotch Oint-  
r, Spanish Cigars, Maccabon, and other Snuff's,  
ad chewing tobacco, wholesale and retail.

Also—  
ts and Quarters in all the Lotteries now before  
ic Dixville Road Lottery commences drawing  
ds, and tickets will shortly rise, they may now  
of R. Huntington for 5 d lrs. quarters, 1 37.  
Tickets in the Harvard College, and New-York  
Lotteries taken in payment  
the Manager's Official List of Prizes in the New-  
College Lottery, No. 2, may be examined  
ove Office.  
st all kinds of bank bills bought and sold, or  
ed on the usual terms. Aug. 24.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

STER KEPT FOR ENTERING THE  
FOLLOWING—viz.

chase and sale of Real Estate; letting and renting  
s, parts of Houses, Stores, Country Seats and  
Boarding Houses and Boarders, Sea-faring  
and wanting domestics and young women and  
wanting employment; Journeymen and Appren-  
Property found or lost; Intelligence and Infor-  
giving on various subjects, by which means no one  
at a loss. It will be of the utmost importance  
s and strangers by having the above entered in  
ace, No. 6, Exchange Buildings, Devonshire-  
ce hours, from sun-rise until 9 in the evening.  
JOHN PALM R.  
21.

COLUMBIAN MUSEUM,

Nest the Stone Chapel—Tremont-St.  
fashionable and valuable resort for amusement,  
is calculated to please the gay—inform the in-  
g—and for the grave to admire; nearly one hundred  
ng and thirty wide.  
ng the late additions is a correct likeness of ANN  
RI, a woman who has lived more than three years  
at food. Also,  
ANORAMIC VIEW of the STORMING of SE-  
PATAM, the original painted by the celebrated  
ert K. Porter. Admittance to the Museum, 25  
without distinction of age. Aug. 12.

THE BOTANIST, &c.

ublished and ready for subscribers, and others, price  
one dollar and twenty-five cents.  
E BOTANIST, being the Botanical part of a  
course of Lectures on Natural History, delivered in the  
city at Cambridge—together with A DISCOURSE  
TALITY—By Benjamin Waterhouse, M. D. Pro-  
fessor of the Theory and Practice of Physic in the Univer-  
of Cambridge.  
Subscribers who have not received their Books are re-  
d to call for them at the Printing Office in Winter  
Aug. 12.

THE SCOURGE  
IS PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK BY  
M. BUTLER,

the Printing Office in Devonshire Street, in the room  
over Thomas Wighams's engraver.

THE



By TIM TOUCHSTONE, Esq.

SCOURGE.

No. 14 ]

WEAK MEN DEMAND OUR PITY—BAD MEN DESERVE OUR STRIPES.—TOUCH.

[Vol. I.

### THE SCOURGE

Will be published as often as once every week; notice  
of the day of publication will be given in the newspapers. The  
numbers will be sold at *twelve cents and an half* each, and  
may be had, at No. 8, STATE-STREET, and at the Printing  
Office, Devonshire-Street.

BOSTON:

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27. 1811.

From the London Globe.

### COMMODORE RODGERS.

At this period, a short history of the American Na-  
val Commanders, may be amusing to our readers.—  
We will commence with Commodore Rodgers, who  
is so fresh in the memory of the public, from his late  
valiant attack on the Little Belt sloop of war, in the  
frigate President, rated as a 44: she carries on her  
main or gun-deck, thirty long 24 pounders, on her  
quarter-deck eight thirty two pound brass carronades,  
and eight long 18 pounders, and on her fore-castle four  
long 12 pounders. Captain Rodgers entered the A-  
merican navy in the year 1798, during the administra-  
tion of Mr. Adams, then denominated the Federal Ad-  
ministration. He first sailed under the command of  
Captain Geddis, in the Petapsee, a small sloop of  
war, as a sub-Lieutenant. In the year 1798 he was  
promoted to Master and Commander of the Baltimore  
sloop of war, and made a cruise off the Leeward West  
India Islands. On his return to the United States, a  
Court of Enquiry was held upon him for tyrannical  
and unofficer like conduct in striking one of his mid-  
shipmen. From the report of the Court of Enquiry,  
he was dismissed the service by the President, and  
was not again called into service until the war between  
the United States and the Bey of Tripoli, when he got  
the command of the John Adams, now a sloop of war,  
but originally built for a frigate; she sails badly. He  
afterwards commanded the frigates Congress and Con-  
stitution, up the Mediterranean; and when the late  
Commodore Samuel Barron was obliged to return, af-  
ter making peace with Tripoli, Captain Rodgers being  
senior Captain, hoisted the broad pendant, which he  
has ever since retained. The gallant Commodore en-  
tered into his nautical career in the Guinea, common-  
ly called the Slave Trade, and from the lowest grade  
on board of a slave ship, rose to the honor of being a  
Master. He sailed out of Baltimore, and was known  
by the names of *Bully Rogers* and *Black Jack*; the  
latter, from his complexion being dark, the former,  
from his tyrannical and blustering disposition. He  
has been often known to strip himself to his shirt, and  
fight with one of his fore-mast hands; if conquered,  
he confessed it, and was always the friend of his con-  
queror, but where the reverse was the case, he always  
shewed his superiority of strength by tyranny. He is  
about five feet ten inches in height, very muscular,  
has a dark but not unpleasant countenance, his features  
are prominent, a full black eye, heavy brows, and a  
low forehead. His manners are coarse, and where he  
affects the contrary, they shew the sycophant. His  
education has been bad; he is very illiterate, but al-  
lowed by every person who knows him to have great  
judgment in the working of a ship. He is a native of  
Maryland, born at Havre de Grace, where he has a  
very handsome seat, highly romantic.

### COMMODORE BARRON.

No. II.

Commodore James Barron is a native of Hampton,  
in Virginia, an inconsiderable town at the mouth of

the Chesapeake. Its only trade is supplying vessels  
which lay in the Roads with fresh provisions and wa-  
ter. The father of this gentleman had the command  
of a small revenue cutter, and made out a decent sub-  
sistence by that and letting out slaves, that is, hiring  
slaves from their owners at so much a head per an-  
num, and letting them out as daily labourers. Our  
hero had the conducting of them, which he did not do  
in the most humane manner. To assist the natural  
mildness of his disposition, at eighteen years of age, he  
entered into the Guinea trade, and rose to the hono-  
rable station of the Master of a Slave Ship, which he  
resigned, and obtained a commission as 4th Lieuten-  
ant. At the commencement of the partial warfare  
between the United States and France, towards the  
end of the year 1798, he joined the United States frigate  
as 4th Lieutenant, then under the command of the  
ever to be lamented Commodore Barry, the mildness  
of whose manners, and the humanity of whose heart  
did ill accord with the tyranny of Lieutenant Barron,  
who never sailed with him but one cruise to the West  
Indies. He was not again employed until the year  
1799, when he got the command of the sloop of war  
Warren, of 22 guns, an old East Indiaman, that had  
been purchased into the service. After an unsuccess-  
ful cruise of six months off the Windward West India  
Islands, he returned to Hampton Roads, having lost  
half his crew by desertion. He was not again called  
into service until the latter end of the year 1802, when  
he got the command of the New York frigate, built  
for a 44, but only mounting 36 guns. He went up the  
Mediterranean, but his conduct not being approved of  
by Commodore Preble, commanding the station off  
Tripoli, he was sent to Washington, in the frigate  
Chesapeake, she requiring to be refitted. He, how-  
ever, baffled his enemies, by his influence with the then  
ruling party, the Jeffersonians, and was again employ-  
ed in 1804, and took the command of the Essex frigate,  
and sailed in company with the President, Con-  
gress and Constellation frigates, and the Enterprise  
schooner, the squadron under the command of Com-  
modore Samuel Barron, since deceased, from Hamp-  
ton Roads to Gibraltar, where he cruised for two  
months, and at the end of ten months returned to  
whence he started, without ever having fired a gun in  
anger. He is about 54 years of age, 5 feet 11 inches  
in height, and clumsily made; his complexion more  
of a disagreeable yellow than dark. There is a vast  
deal of severity in his countenance, always accompani-  
ed with a sneer. To his inferiors he is haughty and  
cruel, to his superiors submissive and dissimulating.  
It would be impossible to describe his character and  
disposition better than he has himself, more than once,  
when he has boasted, "That he, as an officer, had or-  
dered more men to be flogged than any six in the na-  
vy—that he could handle a cat better than any man he  
ever saw, and do more execution." This humane of-  
ficer was not again employed until his memorable ac-  
tion in the Chesapeake, with his Majesty's ship Leo-  
pard, in the American waters. He has been since  
suspended from his command, by a Court of Enquiry,  
held at Washington. He was in London about two  
months since, as the master of a merchant ship belong-  
ing to Norfolk.

What course will Congress pursue?

Will they lay an Embargo? No!  
Then to war they'll go! Not so.  
They'll build a navy though. Poh! poh!  
Raise and army—in so! Oh! no.  
Have non-intercourse with France? Whieu!  
What then will they do? Remain in statu quo!

Honé talks in a late Chronicle about suppression of  
documents. Honé that has been twenty years or more  
garbling, mutilating, and suppressing every thing that  
would give the enlightened readers of the Chronicle the  
semblance of truth; Honé the most complete proto-  
type of the father of lies, and who would have given  
new diabolic beauties to the author of Paradise Lost for  
his Satanic hero; Honé, the prince of arch deceivers,  
now pretends, with hypocritical zeal, to be a stickler for  
impartiality!!! And the fun of it is, the charge is a-  
gainst the Centinel, in whose impartiality every honest  
American can put implicit confidence, who never relin-  
quishes any point to the British, derogatory to the pros-  
perity or honor of his own country, but still desires to  
give a faithful statement of the manifest partiality of our  
government to the emperor Napoleon.

The arch demagogue has ordered the printers of  
"truth its guide" to issue an extra sheet containing the  
documents, and then the old wretch begins his outcry  
because the Centinel could not insert 27 columns of  
close letter press printing into 6, which is all the room it  
has except what is filled with advertisements, of which  
the lying Chronicle has a plentiful lack. The crook-  
backed tyrant of Shakspeare says:—

"I do the wrong, and then begin to brawl.  
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,  
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.  
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,  
Tell them, that God bids us do good and evil;  
And thus I clothe my naked villainy  
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ;  
And seem a saint, when most I am a devil."

The secret of the business was, Honé had told so fool-  
ish a lie about all French ships having feminine names,  
that it required some outcry to draw off the attention of  
the wise plodders through the Chronicle pages. The  
Centinel will handle this prince of demagogues in its own  
defence; but we will give the names of French ships in  
one single battle, that our readers may judge of Honé's  
knowledge and correctness: Le Guerrier, le Conquer-  
ant le Spartiate, l'Aiglon, le Soverain Peuple, le Heu-  
reux, le Timoleon, le Mercure, le Genereux, 74's; Le  
Tonant, le Franklin, le Guillaume Tell, 80's; l'Orient,  
120; la Diane, la Justice, la Artemise, la Sericuse,  
frigates.

Honé brings the pond to the horse in preference to  
the common but antiquated method, because the "re-  
publicans" as he calls them, will do and believe what  
Honé says. His knowledge of the French or any other  
living or dead language exactly equals Gov. Gray's,  
therefore he wants to destroy Harvard University, that  
he may not be under the necessity of delivering a Latin  
oration, when in the gubernatorial chair; the names of  
half the ships in the French service, as well as those se-  
questrated from them by the British, give the lie circum-  
stantial to Honé's assertion, but he can prove it to the  
satisfaction of his partizans, and that is all he wants.

Bound by no moral restraints, revengeful, malicious,  
and tutored by a twenty years' apprenticeship in scrib-  
ing and garbling; having no need to substantiate his  
assertions by cold matters of fact, but merely to clothe  
them to suit his wishes; surrounded by a powerful  
train of drilled under-strappers and runners, needy expect-  
ants of offices, fanatics, grog-shop trumpeters, infidels,  
and free-thinkers, all on the alert, and eager to make  
proselytes to their faction. Honé has an essential ad-  
vantage over truth and sometimes preoccupies the pub-  
lic mind with falsehood. But truth must in spite of the  
devil and all hisimps at last prevail, and this must be the  
consolation of all good men.



# THE SCOURGE BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30.

Being requested by M. Merrill Butler to give a statement of the outrage committed in the office of Mr. James L. Edwards, in which the newspaper called the Scourge is printed, the following is a correct statement of facts:—

Between the hours of 10 and 11 o'clock, A. M. of Wednesday the 20 inst. entered William Stackpole, jun. and Martin Blake. Said Butler and Edwards were working at the press. Immediately on entering, said Stackpole enquired of Butler whether he was editor of the Scourge, and on being answered in the affirmative, instantly struck Butler on the head with a heavy cane of about three feet in length, and before Butler could return the blow he received another stroke from Stackpole; they then closed with each other, and after scuffling for some time, said Edwards observed that he would part them, and advanced towards them. Blake told him he should not interfere, and on his making the attempt struck him. Blake observed to Stackpole that if he wanted any assistance, he could give it—mentioning that there were a number in the office (meaning I suppose the Insurance office) who were ready to join. After which, Stackpole asked Butler if he had enough. Butler answered in the negative, declaring he would fight him all day, provided they fought on equal grounds. They then separated. Said contest lasted about ten minutes.

The attack I believe to have been totally unexpected by Butler and Edwards, as when Butler first spoke to Stackpole his back was towards him.

JOSEPH W. BROWN.

At the request of Mr. William Stackpole, jun. the difference between him and the editor of this paper was submitted to the decision of two gentlemen. The editor informs the public that a mutual adjustment has taken place.

## The Liberty of the Press.

The licentiousness of the press is, in the eyes of some people, an extraordinary grievance; and oblique threats are thrown out, that, as it deserves, so it will meet with a restriction. Be that day far from us! The liberty of the press is the birthright of the people. It was held so at the Revolution, and the act for licensing was suffered to expire as a law injurious to freedom.

But the press may be abused, the laws may be abused. What is there that may not? the Bible may be abused; yet we have a birthright in them all; and we should be miserable if they were taken from us. But this can never happen till the press is restrained, which we can never apprehend from an administration that has nothing to fear from it.

People's lives are licentious; they condemn the laws of God and man; they prefer sensual pleasures to rational enjoyments; they not only promote, but vindicate corruption. In aid of the laws, when the press exposes such practices, is it licentiousness? Let us once see men reduced to a sense of their duty by great examples, Satire shall lay down her pen, and the Press shall sweat under panegyric.—*London. Pap.*

## Prediction of Major General H. Knox.

"So long as the opinions and maxims of Washington have influence, so long as his real political friends are permitted to direct the destinies of the country, so long shall we be independent, prosperous and free. But when his policy is exploded, and his enemies bear rule, difficulties, dishonor and degradation will ensue." How literally to an iota is the above prediction fulfilled, since the party which Washington denominated the "CURSE OF THE COUNTRY" have come into power!

The writer of the question and answer in the last Scourge embracing the title of *woman*, assures the female world, that neither malice nor revenge inhabit his bosom. The object *supposed* to be meant, is not within the circle of his acquaintance.—He boasts of living under a government of laws and not of petticoats, and would rejoice so to order his conversation, as to escape female condemnation.—He will hereafter adopt the old maxim, Avoid meddling with edge-tools.

In consequence of the appointment of the Hon. Joseph Story to the office of Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, the House of the Representatives must choose a man to supply his place as Speaker.—The Representative *Weld* of Roxbury would be happy to serve them, but having been in the habit of retiring to the lobby to take a nap, while the work of legislation is going on, feels it his duty to decline, that his slumbers may not be interrupted by any official duties.

As the duty of Speaker consists principally in repeating the sayings of others, Parson Foster and Walter McFarland think themselves well qualified, having been constantly in that habit.

One of the new Judges lately enquired why one man only should now be appointed to qualify them, when formerly it required two at least; a gentleman standing by replied, that it was not expected the new judges would be more than *half qualified*.

We understand, that His Honor Judge Minott, lately created, is an excellent fiddler; and as it is democratic policy to arrest the attention of the populace, it has been hinted that our judge intends giving his first charge to the jury, on that instrument.

Mr. Winthrop, the embryo Marshal of Massachusetts, if we mistake not, is the same person who, a few years since, in Fanueil Hall, declared that the federalists, from Washington down to the lowest, were a pack of scoundrels! Dr. Eustis, it will be recollected, apologised for his "young friend's" *impudence*, stating that it was the first time he had ever spoken in public, and hoped he would be excused for his intemperate and vehement declamation.

The Honorable John Lawson Tuttle's very learned explanation of his unanswerable assertion that the "most material fact were not true."

You say the most material fact isn't true, Pray prove that seeming contradiction—do. Why Bob I'll tell you how we demo's act, Each Fact's to us a lie, and every lie a fact.

TOBY.

## HONEST DEMOCRATS

That there are a few honest democrats we are ready to admit—but, unfortunately there are *very few*. Among this number may be ranked John Randolph and Matthew Lyon—they were opposed to many of the acts of Mr. Adams's administration, because, as a federal editor has very properly observed, "some of them were of a nature to bring odium and ridicule on any administration." The democrats have endeavored to make the people believe that they have been actuated by improper motives; but all their attempts have been futile. Virginia and Kentucky are too democratic to induce men to turn federalists through interested motives.

When a man turns democrat, you may rest assured, he does it to obtain an office.—When one quits that party, it is from a thorough conviction that he has advocated bad principles—for a man cannot now have any motive of interest for turning a federalist—as federalists are out of power, and have no offices to bestow.

Who has made the greatest discoveries? Daniel Wild, he says no woman ought to be married until she is a *widow*!

Who is the best Horse Auctioneer? Daniel Wild. He sells them by *sample*, warranted and entitled to *de-benture*!

It is generally thought by the audience at the Theatre that the *supernumeraries* on the stage are *necessaries*.

*Americans! Read what follows.* We have just received from Capt. Jocelin of the Savannah Packet, which arrived this morning, a note from which we copy the following:

On the night of the fourteenth inst. about 60 French sailors belonging to the privateers *La Vengeance*, and another name unknown but both lying in Savannah, collected in one of the principal streets armed with cutlasses, knives, bludgeons, &c. and attacked about twenty American seamen, many of whom, namely the mate of brig

Hetty, of Philadelphia, they stabbed to the heart so that he expired immediately. Having cleared the streets they at length returned in triumph on board their vessel.

Thus in return for the protection in our ports and harbours, which in violation of every principle of the law of impartial neutrality, which we grant these French pirates, they raise mobs and riots in our principal cities and strike daggers to the hearts of those who oppose them. Yes, we invite them to find shelter in our harbours, to deposit in our warehouses the booty of which they have plundered our own citizens, and if an enemy's vessel comes in quest of them, we angrily charge her with "hovering on our coast," and threaten to send out our gun boats and other vessels of war to drive her away.

From such a state of things, which the world never witnessed before, may the Almighty in his goodness, ere long deliver us! *N. Y. Herald.*

Mr. Touchstone.—Your old friend Tom fn ls, that to be a Governor he must be a better scholar—he has been taking lessons lately—the following letter will show how much he has improved. Yours, Q.

Boston, Nov. 24, 1811.

Dear Friend,

Maby yule thine dam hard on it, bekase I havent rit to you laithl. Howsumever I ken excuse myself dam wel, & ef I koodent, I kood tel a dam li you no, and that air wood be kawld bi our parti a bad eckskuce—and evri boddli nose that a bad eckskuce is better than nun. Lett me aloan for trix mi boy. Ef awl our parti had as mutch gumpshun as I've got, you woodent heer sitch a dam site of laffin among the tores about our parti. Howsumever Ile tel you in plane words whot I've bin about. You se sum of our parti adwized me to studdi oath-ografty as tha kawld it, to prevent the torys from pokin fun at me about mi letters. So you se I've ben talkin lessins from old judg Winul & mastor Bingum, & tha sware that tha never in awl there lives had a more bryter skoller.—This shoze you se that practiss maiks parfickit, as the oald sayin is; & I gess ef ever this letter shoold kum to be put in print, that the damd eternal torys will look a dam site blackor than that air Sumnor evver did in the koaldest da in Giniwerri.

Now raly it weckses me like hel to se that air oald lubbor Ebbin Burril ritein to Billi Gray. Whi in hel kant you stop his mowth? Ef I koodent spel better than he duz, ile be damd ef ever Ide dair to sho mi fais in the Nawth Amerrykin Inshorants Offis upon airth. I hait like hel to se a man eckspas his ignerents so, & ile la a wager that Billi Gray dont kair enni more about his nonsents than I du about a meanin howce. He tels 2 menni dam fulcish storiz about nawthin. Spoze oald Billi did giv the begers a kountertit bil. I've dun things a dam site wuss than that—And pra dident Gefersun pa Gabriil Joans a oald dett in good for nawthin kontinental papor munnin when it was a 100 per sent beloe par? And whot the devle but the dam torys ever thort the wuss on him for it? Wi, its fashunible to cheet now a daze, & tha sa a man mite as wel be out of the world as out of the fashin.

I thort I shoold hav a bunnance of nooz for you—but the papors air phild with damd eternal trash kunsam in the British & our guverment; that air Munro & Foster thine I spoze that the people hav nawthin else to du but set down & reed there letters. Wi thares gest as mutch nollidge got bi goin down to the Elite of Lugan of a Sundi afternoon & heerin oald wite hat Peeze kunvase about the last war wen tha took him & pot him aboard a prizen ship in Wessminster abbi I thine tha cawl it, whare menni a pore ded man he sez has bin berrid alive—and as for the dockamins Ide as soon lissen to a thanes givin sarmunt as to reed um. But the torys wil maik belev ef tha ken, that its gittin larnin ef you reed a good eel. Talk mi word for it, its awl dam nonsents, let judg Winul sa whot he wil. Is thare a better skoller enni whare than French, and dident he git awl his larnin bi bein a tyde waitor and heerin salers tawk about forrin parts?

The Chessypeck affare as tha kawld it, is cetled, & Ime dam sorri for it—for now the torys wil kroe over us, & sware that we air a pac of dam fools, & raly to tel the trooth, thale be haff rite. Howsumever it wont do to sa so to the kuntri peeple, for ef yule belev me thares nawthin like stickin to a li ef its wel toald; its the wa Ostin duz, and I gess he awt to no sumthin about the biznis.

Oald Donnersun had a frolic at his ago, and do you thine that he wood po No, dam the cent did he giv um, & hoam evri devle on n n without a p hare bellys, or a kopper in thare j that he giv um sil'i bubs, but it was a in hel sort of stuff that air is, I kant overhawld his lockers for sunthin to nawthin but a big pot of brimston & ma tawk about Asap Churchill & D mutch as tha air a mind to, but ile b tha acktid so sneekin in awl thare li that the oald Ginrul is so big, ef he m to starv evri boddli but himself. Sun fat by laffin, but I dont belev it, bek fat by laffin, ude se a dam menni of t woddle along on change. Fokes ma its awl dam nonsents; it aint by open grinning, that a man groes big—if but snicker, heel soon gro a dam s Ostin, & ile warrant you will go to D er than you ken sa Jac Roberson.

I gess bi this time yuve heerd of tha kiet up about that air dam tori S dam neer killin the feller that prints i heel never hav the impidents to prin dont belev that stori—for as the sa bawn in the woods to be skeerd by o

Jim Prince is turnt out of offis tha glad on it, and so is Ostin. Thave he had no biznis to be sneekin amun mite hav node our guverment want a awl the fat of the land & let sum of t amung us naw the bones. I hoap i ackt better, ef ever he gits another heel be damd apt to gine the torys enni thing to sa to him.

Thares a shaver bi the naim of W to be put in his plaiz. Whot the dev kant put French or Dru into sum offi but I spoze tha never ax for enni. moddist men air olwus kept in the l the dam impidient, forrud fellers air the poet sez, "Full menni a flour is unsean, and waist its sweatnis on the

You se I've larnt sumthin laithl. F reed Gray's Energy in a Kuntri Chu dam noble thing; tha sa it was rite daddi; he was a shu maker. This aint cornind to collidge wauls. I w never rit a peace. Hees the boy wh or 2 I ken tel you. Hees a good sin do you good to heer him sing the m the oald popler toon of Yanky Doodle be shore to pa the postije ef you rite. Yoars tel deth,

## THE SCOURGE—FOR NEW

The "assemblage" of demos' who *Horton's corner*, are truly a group there you see—

"Profound coking ignorance, Hoary-headed depravity, Squint-eyed iniquity, Foul-mouthed indecency, Envy-pretending calumny, Red-faced deformity, Mental imbecility, Hobbling decrepitude, Puny insignificance, and Unblushing blasphemy.

There the affairs of the nation are French decrees repealed; the Brit ted; the non-intercourse removed exterminated;—and James Madison follow.

His Honor *Mount Fural*, the o from Boston in the mail stage, held tion, whether the top or bottom of the fastest! when he very learnedly pro isfaction) that the top went fastest, b tually going down, while the othe and it was certain a thing would fall.

When old *Wet-the-fore-tail* built posed to have the widow *Bennet* for *John* was of opinion that it should *vigorous*; and therefore stuck up o



of Philadelphia, they stabbed to the heart so that  
ed immediately. Having cleared the streets they  
h returned in triumph on board their vessels.  
in return for the protection in our ports and har-  
which in violation of every principle of the law of  
d neutrality, which we grant these French pir-  
raise mobs and riots in our principal cities and  
ladders to the hearts of those who oppose them,  
invite them to find shelter in our harbours, to  
in our warehouses the booty of which they have  
ed our own citizens, and if an enemy's vessel comes  
of them, w angrily charge her with "hovering  
coast," and threaten to send out our gun boats  
er vessels of war to drive her away.  
m such a state of things, which the world never  
ed before, may the Almighty in his goodness, ere  
liver us!

N. T. Herald.

Touchstone.—Your old friend Tom fns, that  
Governor he must be a better scholar—he has  
king lessons lately—the following letter will  
ow much he has improved. Yours, Q.

Boston, Nov. 24, 1811.

Friend,  
Baby yule thine dam hard on it, bekase I havent  
ou laiti. Howsumever I ken excuse myself  
el, & ef I koodent, I kood tel a dam li you no,  
t air wood be kawld bi our parti a bad eckskuce  
evri boddi nose that a bad eckskuce is better  
in. Lett me aloan for trix mi boy. Ef awl  
iti had as much gumpshun as Ive got, your  
t heer sich a dam site of laffin among the to-  
ut our parti. Howsumever Ile tel you in plane  
shot Ive bin about. You se sum of our parti  
d me to studdi oath-ografty as tha kawld it, to  
t the tolys from pokein fun at me about mi  
So you se Ive ben talkin lessons from old  
Vinul & mastor Bingham, & tha sware that tha  
in awl there lives had a more bryter skoller—  
hoze you se that practiss maiks parfickt, as the  
gin is; & I gess ef ever this letor shoed kum  
ut in print, that the damd etarnul tolys will  
dam site blakor than that air Sumnor ever did  
koadest da in Giniwerri.

rally it weckses me like hel to se that air oald  
Ebbin Burril ritein to Billi Gray. Whi in hel  
u stop his mouth? Ef I koodent spel better  
duz, ile be damd ef ever Ide dair to sho mi  
the Nawth Amerrikin Inshorants Offis upon  
I halt like hel to se a man eckspois his igner-  
, & ile la a wager that Billi Gray dont kair enni  
about his nonsents than I du about a meatin  
He tels 2 menni dam fuleish storiz about  
n. Spoze old Billi did giv the begers a koun-  
il. Ive dun things a dam site wuss than that—  
ra dident Gefersun pa Gabriil Joans a oald dett  
el for nawthin kontinental papor munni when it  
100 per sent beloe par? And who the devle but  
n tolys ever thort the wuss on him for it?  
s fashunble to cheet now a daze, & tha sa a man  
s well be out of the world as out of the fashin.

ort I shoed hav a bunnance of nooz for you—but  
pers air philid with damd etarnul trash kunsarn-  
British & our guverment; that air Munro &  
thine I spoze that the people hav nawthin elce  
but set down & reed there letters. Wi thares  
a much nollidge got bi goin down to the Bite of  
of a Sundi arternoon & heerin oald wite hat  
kunvase about the last war wen tha took him  
him aboard a prizen ship in Wessminstor abbi  
tha cawl it, where menni a pore ded man he  
s bin herri alive—and as for the dockamints  
soon lissen to a thanes givin sarmunt as to reed  
But the tolys wil maik belev ef tha ken, that  
in larnin ef you reed a good eel. Taik mi  
or it, its awl dam nonsents, let judg Winul sa  
ie wil. Is there a better skoller enni where  
rench, and dident he git awl his larnin bi bein a  
fator and heerin salers tawk about forrin parts?  
Chesseypek affare as tha kawld it, is cetled, &  
am sorri for it—for now the tolys wil kroo over  
sware that we air a pac of dam fools, & raly to  
t tooth, thale be haff rite. Howsumever it wont  
a so to the kuntri people, for ef yule belev me  
nawthin like sickin to a li ef its wel told; its  
a Ostin duz, and I gess he awt to no sumthin  
the biznis.

Old Donnersun had a frolic at his howce not long  
ago, and do you think that he wood pa the fiddlers?  
No, dam the cent did he giv um, and tha had to go  
hoam evri devle on um without a grame of meat in  
there bellys, or a kopper in there pockits—sum sed  
that he giv um silli bubs, but it was a dam li. (What  
in hel sort of stuff that air is, I kant tel.) Wun on um  
overhawl his lockers for sumthin to eat, but tha found  
nawthin but a big pot of brimston & molassis. Tha  
ma tawk about Asap Churchill & Docktor Noise as  
much as tha air a mind to, but ile be damd ef ever  
tha aktid so sneekin in awl there lives. No wonder  
that the oald Ginrul is so big, ef he maiks it a practiss  
to starv evri boddi but himself. Sum sa that he got  
fat by laffin, but I dont belev it, bekase ef fokes got  
fat by laffin, ude se a dam menni of the tolys 2 big to  
woddle along on change. Fokes ma sa laff & be fat;  
its awl dam nonsents; it aint by openin the mouth &  
grinning, that a man groes big—if he duz nawthin  
but snicker, heel soon gro a dam site thinner than  
Ostin, & ile worrunt you will go to Davi Joans's quic-  
er than you ken sa Jac Roberson.

I gess bi this time yuve heerd of the dam bobberi  
tha kiet up about that air dam tori Skurge. Tha kum  
dam near killin the feller that prints it, and tha sa that  
heel never hav the impidents to print anothor; but I  
dont belev that stori—for as the sayin is, he want  
bawn in the woods to be skeerd by owls.

Jim Prince is turnt out of offis tha sa, and ime dam  
glad on it, and so is Ostin. Thave sarvd him rite—  
he had no biznis to be sneekin among the tolys—He  
mite hav node our guverment want a goin to giv him  
awl the fat of the land & let sum of the best bull dogs  
among us naw the bones. I hoap it will larn him to  
ack better, ef ever he gits anothor offis; but I gess  
heel be damd apt to gine the tolys now ef thale hav  
enni thing to sa to him.

Thares a shaver bi the naim of Winthrop that goin  
to be put in his plaiz. What the devles the reezon tha  
kant put French or Dra into sumoffis I kant konseev,  
but I spoze tha never axt for enni. This shoze that  
moddist men air olwus kept in the bac ground, and  
the dam impident forrud fellers air purmoated. As  
the poet sez, "Full menni a flour is dum'd to blush  
unsean, and waist its sweatnis on the desolate air."

You se Ive larnt sumthin laiti. Pra did you ever  
reed Gray's Energy in a Kuntri Church Yard—its a  
dam noble thing; tha sa it was ritten bi Billi Gray's  
daddi; he was a shu maker. This shoze that genus  
aint cornfid to collidge wails. I wonder Jobe Dru  
never rit a peace. Hees the boy whots up to a thing  
or 2 I ken tel you. Hees a good singor 2, and twood  
do you good to heer him sing the Mades of Lordy to  
the oald popler toon of Yanky Doodle. Rite sune, but  
be shore to pa the postije ef you rite by male.

Yours tel deth, TOM W—

#### THE SCOURGE—FOR NEWBURYPORT.

The "assemblage" of demos' who get together at  
Horton's corner, are truly a groupe of choice spirits;  
there you see—

"Profound ocking ignorance,"  
Hoary-headed depravity.  
Squint-ey'd iniquity,  
Foul-mouthed indecency,  
Envy-pretting calumny,  
Red-faced deformity,  
Mental imbecility,  
Hobbling decrepitude,  
Puny insignificance, and  
Unblushing blasphemy.

There the affairs of the nation are all settled; the  
French decrees repealed; the British fleet annihilat-  
ed; the non-intercourse removed; the federalists  
exterminated;—and James Madison is a d—d cleve-  
er fellow.

His Honor Mount Fural, the other day in passing  
from Boston in the mail stage, held a profound disqui-  
sition, whether the top or bottom of the coach wheel moved  
fastest! when he very learnedly proved (to his own sat-  
isfaction) that the top went fastest, because that was con-  
tinually going down, while the other was moving up;  
and it was certain a thing would fall easier than rise!

When old Wet-the-fore-sail built his new brig, he pro-  
posed to have the widow Bennet for a figure head; but  
John was of opinion that it should be something more  
vigorous; and therefore stuck up old Stark.

#### GRAND DEMOCRATIC GENERAL CAUCUS.

Scene Horton's Corner.—Time 12 o'clock at night—  
wind N. E. weather hazy.

The Sage and impartial Daniel in the Chair.—Dizer  
Johnson, Secretary.

The fat distiller's sputtering son Jo. was ordered  
to read the whole of Ex. Pres. ADAMS' Patriotick  
correspondence.—[loud snoring—all waked up by the  
Pres.] who ordered Jo's whistle to be wet, and the read-  
ing to be deferred (it being some long) to next meet-  
ing.

Old Wet, the fore-sail's son John then addressed the  
audience in a sublime manner.—[more snoring; and  
Pres. asleep]—He went on to prove that the Decrees  
of Berlin and Milan are certainly repealed. [This  
waked up Abraham the sail-maker, who swore he  
would hear no Latin.] He continued his speech, till  
at some particular point, he said he should wait for a  
reply—All was silence! and the enraged Captain cal-  
ed aloud upon Jim, the grog-seller, for spirited assist-  
ance, he growing hoarse. This roused the President,  
who also wanted something to keep him awake!

The clanking of quart and pint pots together, the  
running of liquor, and the fragrant smell of the white-  
face, at last aroused the whole "assemblage"; who  
having swilled luxuriously, proceeded again to busi-  
ness.

The President, for his part, thought it high time to  
ke the sense of the meeting. The following resolu-  
tions were then agreed upon unanimously.

Voted, 1. That we Republicans, meet three times a  
day, and as much oftener as possible, at Horton's Cor-  
ner, [inside] to discuss upon the affairs of this great  
nation.

2. That this assembly meet here every stormy  
night, when there are no federalists stirring to molest  
us.

3. That John Adams is a clever man lately, and  
writes in the Boston Patriot.

4. That we are in union with all true demos. in  
the country, who think as we do.

5. That Gov. Gerry's Proclamation was a sharp  
shot at Federal Priests, and Parson Giles' sermon was  
clear stuff.

6. That the French decrees are off, that this is a  
windy night, that this meeting is highly respectable.—  
[Here the whole beautiful order of the Resolutions was  
disturbed by the plaguy President's Wig which dur-  
ing another drowse of his, he being an aged man, took  
fire; and blazed so much as to burn the records of  
the meeting, in spite of Dizer's care, and threatened  
devastation to the whole shop. The respectable meet-  
ing, in a rapid manner, one by one, took French leave,  
leaving Jemmy to put out his fire, and the poor Presi-  
dent to bewail the loss of his wig.]

#### New Catechism.

Q. Who among the Robespierians has the most versa-  
city? A. Capt. IO.

Q. Who has the most pleasant countenance? A. Bil-  
ly D—s.

Q. Who is the most honest man? A. Ben P—e.

Q. Who is the most pious man? A. Com. Sandy  
Fort.

Q. Who is the most courageous man? A. Col Stern-  
to.

Q. Who is the most learned man? A. Granny Book-  
case.

Q. Who is the most temperate man? A. Mich S—h.

There was a consultation held among the proprietors  
of the new Hornet's Nest, whether it was best to get a  
lightning-rod; but it was finally concluded that the tem-  
perature of the atmosphere within, being so strongly im-  
pregnated with sul-fury-ous matter, that the attraction  
would be more powerful than it would be possible for the  
rod to repel; therefore they resolved only to have a ven-  
tilator!

The question has been asked who became Com. Sand  
Fort's bondsmen, when he entered the C—m H—e;  
for it may be ascertained to a mathematical demonstra-  
tion how much they will have to pay, when it is known  
how much will arise from the annual revenue.

It is said that at a Jacobin caucus, previous to Gov-  
ernor election, held at Madison Hall, a committee was  
chosen to select those with the broadest thumbs, whose  
business it should be to smuggle into the ballot-box more  
than one vote. It had an admirable ect, for common  
report has it that D—R— actually squeezed in half a  
dozen GERRY'S.

"Why dont you turn Federalist (said Caroline to her  
Father, who happens to a thorough going demo) why  
dont you turn Federalist? and not mix yourself with  
such a scaly set of beings as these you term Republicans  
are in this town. Scarce a man can be found among them  
of common decency." "Hold your tongue, my dear, you  
knew nothing about it (replied the enraged father.)  
Dont you see that I know what is for my own in-  
terest? Is it not a clear cas that the democrats cri k  
more New-England than any other class of people? And  
you know my line of busi ess. Only think, they being  
seny and I bring respectable, ten chances to one I get a  
fat office! Think of this argument, and ask me no more  
to turn federalist; besides if I should change politiks  
to-morrow the baughty federalists would see me, and my  
still-house blown to the moon, or to the salt mount-  
ains of Louisiana, before they would condescend to receive  
me into their ranks.—But Gerry is the fellow to pepper  
em!"

By striving and driving the butchering trade;  
\*nlarging by charging, much money he made,  
\*eglected, rejected whatever was good,  
\*uggling and smuggling alone understood,  
\*mbitious and vicious, vindictive and base,  
\*alicious, suspicious, to man a disgrace,  
\*ntruding and rude in his manners and ways,  
\*ow a squire—a liar in all that he says.  
Maltreating and cheating whoever he can,  
tngaging and raging to plunder each man,  
teveling, beguiling, and playing his part,  
tomances some fancies will bring him a cart,  
t infamous, don't blame us, for most of us hope,  
turking and working of Devil and Pope,  
tike furies, our juries wont save him from rope.

Initials of the lines above,  
Shews you a man I mean to prove,  
So truly mean, so low and base,  
To human nature a disgrace,  
Human, alas! his conduct suits,  
In all respects the worst of brutes;  
His name, you know, now I'll rehearse,  
His progress here, in simple verse—  
His trade was killing calves and bees,  
Some fairly bought, some bought from thieves—  
By countenancing of the trade  
Of thieving, he his money made.  
It happened once, he bought fifteen  
Oxen, some fat, some rather lean;  
The grease from all, when they were kill'd,  
Only a butter firkin fill'd;  
As he expected from the whole  
At least a butt full, swore 'twas stole.  
A thief himself, and without shame,  
Concluded every man the same.  
And as he guess'd he knew the thief,  
He sought a lawyer with his brief;  
He made his bow, and mov'd his hat,  
And told him he had lost some fat;  
The lawyer answer'd with a grin,  
I think so—you look rather thin;  
Look then, he cry'd, I've lost at least,  
Twenty pounds off every beast,  
Fifteen times twenty, aye, I'm sure,  
I have at least lost fifteen score,  
Aye, good three hundred weight of fat;  
The lawyer said, can I help that?  
This answer made him in a trice,  
Remember he'd get no advice,  
Unless he'd pony down the dust,  
For lawyers can't afford to trust;  
I beg your pardon, sir, said he,  
And gave a twenty dollar fee;  
Then said, I have been rob'd, my brief  
Will shew you W—n is the thief;  
You will not entertain a doubt  
When you have heard my story out,  
But stop, it cannot be set down,  
Till I've consulted Captain Brown.  
Dear sir, if you'll collect the facts  
Concerning 'Squire M—s acts,  
In all I've wrote, aye from my youth,  
I strictly have adhered to truth;  
So I request you'll not neglect,  
The poet who would be correct,  
Enquire first of Worthen's case,  
The facts are well known at your place,  
Find out how he pursu'd this man,  
Till Justice overset his plan,  
Upon what principle he lost  
His suit, and was condemn'd to pay the cost;  
I wish to know how he through life  
Behaves, and how he treats his wife,  
I do not mean how oft he kiss'd her,  
But why he has preferr'd her sister.  
What motive urg'd the least of this,  
Pray dont the least occurrence miss;  
Enquire but why he was withheld  
And even from the Lodge expell'd.  
But above all, do not admit,  
The story of the bitter bit—  
I mean the artful cunning plan  
He laid to cheat an honest man;  
You know the man—phsaw, what's his name,  
James Parington, the very same;  
He'll tell you how this M—s sought,  
To rob him and an action brought,  
For Money's which had long ago  
Been paid, as his receipts could show;  
What subterfuge the fellow used,  
When these were publicly produced;  
Describe his look when he was cast,  
With every circumstance that pass'd;  
Collect these facts and I will make  
Parington's sides with laughter shake;  
I'll draw his portrait in a poem,  
So like the cats and dogs shall know him.

It is said that the Phenix Office has of late been so fil-  
led with the effluvia of Jacobin slander, that the candles  
have actually burnt blue!

Tom Carey, as good a natured fellow as ever lived,  
once told Capt. IO to his head, that, for a little man, he  
was the biggest luy he ever saw.—Lard how blue he look-  
ed.

Capt IO is a man who has travelled. He once made  
the tour of Spain on a Jackass!

The would-be High Sheriff is considered head of the  
bast democracy here. His maxim is, "better reign in  
hell, than serve in heaven."



The apology of the affair of the Chesapeake and reparation made for the injury by Great-Britain, and the awkward ungracious manner in which it has been accepted by our civil polite government—reminds us of a trifling occurrence which once happened in Cornhill.—A gentleman passing through the crowd, happened to rumple the large well powdered full bottomed wig of a formal country parson. As soon as informed of the injury, the gentleman in a very polite manner offered an apology, and reparation for the injury, by paying the barber for adjusting and repowdering the wig in the best manner possible, so as to place it, at least, in *statu quo*. The parson in the most formal manner accepted the apology and terms of reparation which he said were quite sufficient—at the same time observed “you see what an injury you have done to my handsome new wig.”

A W g observed at the last Cambridge Commencement that his Honor was one of the quickest translators he ever saw—

For “though Harvard’s sons their compliments speak, In the purest of Latin,” yet to him ‘tis all Greek.

From the Connecticut Courant.

“Let us alone.”—The celebrated Colbert, who was the French king’s prime minister, once demanded of a body of French merchants, what he should do for them to benefit their trade; and he received this laconic answer.—“Let us alone.”

These three words would give a political text, on which a whole volume might be written.

Trade, in order to do well, must be left free as water. To hamper it with unnecessary regulations and restrictions is the certain way to destroy it. The merchant knows his own business; for it has been the study of his life. He has as good a right honestly to carry on his own business in his own way, as the farmer or the mechanic. And if his plans of business are compulsively overruled, thwarted and deranged, he suffers by it, both as to his rights and interests, as much as the farmer would, were he directed by law in the whole management of his farm.

Adam Smith, in his inquiry into the nature and causes of the wealth of nations, very justly says.—“The statesman who attempts to direct private people in what manner they ought to employ their industry, would not only load him with a most unnecessary attention but assume an authority which could safely be trusted, not only to no single person, but to no council or senate whatever, and which would no where be so dangerous as in the hands of a man who had folly and presumption enough to think himself fit to exercise it.” Yet evident and glaring as this folly appears to plain common sense, there is an unaccountable disposition to persist in it, notwithstanding all the experience the world has had of its pernicious effects. Men, whose manner of life has utterly estranged them from the knowledge commercial matters, when once they get into the councils of a nation, think themselves able to manage the business of merchants a great deal better than they can manage it themselves.

As our federal government was framed and adopted with a particular view to the security and extensions of commerce, it was reasonably to be expected that it would have afforded efficient means for protecting commerce, if not completely, yet at least at a considerable extent. This too was the more to be expected, inasmuch as trade has been taxed with the whole amount that has gone to the support of government and the payment of the public debt. It surely never entered into the hearts of the framers of our federal constitution, or of the people who cheerfully adopted it, that any administration acting under this constitution would withhold all protection from trade, and at the same time burden it with an ad valorem duty of twenty per cent. And least of all could it have entered into their hearts that any administration would be so plunged in the depths of folly and madness, as not only to withhold protection from trade, but embarrass and distress it by every possible means. Yet so it is. The American commerce is placed between the upper and the nether millstone; between the dreadful gripe of foreign oppression, and that of our own government; nor is it easy to tell which of the two has squeezed it the hardest.

Suppose our President and both houses of Congress four years ago, had come to a resolution of the following purport, and faithfully stuck to it ever since. “Resolved that, henceforward, we shall have nothing to do about commerce, except to take to ourselves such part of its income as we shall think meet, for our own emolument and to our own disposal. For the rest, we will leave the American commerce to shift for itself. We will neither protect it on the one hand, nor restrain it on the other: we will neither bless it nor curse it.” Had this been said and done (strange as such a resolve and such conduct would seem) the American commerce would have been not near so bad off, as it actually has been. For inspite of all that France could do, it might have been carried on with G. Britain and all its dependencies, with Spain and Portugal, with the East-Indies, with China, with South America, with a great many islands of the sea; and indeed with more than half the commercial world: and it might be carried on to this vast extent now, if our government would only let it alone.

When the French merchants aforementioned said to Colbert, “Let us alone,” they could not mean that he should give no protection to their trade: they only meant he should not meddle with its concerns, by any attempts to restrain it or direct its operations. But with our country things are come to such a pass, that the merchants, rather than suffer what they do would thank the administrators of government, if they would let them alone altogether; if they would say to them, “go, shift for yourselves; trade where you can, at your own peril; you shall be left unprotected, on the one hand, and on the other, at liberty to send your ships whithersoever you please—allowing us such a per centage on your homeward cargoes as we shall see fit to demand.”

\*In the report of the Commissioners, on the subject of a canal in the state of New York, the hon. Governor Morris, and the hon. De Witt Clinton being two of those commissioners, we observe the following. “The revenue, which is raised from commerce, no probable change will reduce below an ad valorem duty of ten per cent. Whether the ad valorem duty be now double that per centage, or less, or more, we have no document at hand to determine. We believe it to be not far from 20 per cent: this however we state only upon supposition.

Extract of a letter from Washington, dated Nov. 16.

It is now 12 days since the great council of the nation assembled at this place on the extraordinary call of the President, and as yet nothing has been communicated from the executive to mark the occasion as extraordinary, (in the language of the constitution.)—There are no new signs of the times;—the same old round of suffering, with the same harmless remedies prescribed. In a few days the great war committees will stun the community with the thundering accounts of war. “Bella Horrida,” will be echoed and re-echoed in Congress-Hall. War will be the standing order of the day, not indeed the killing war of Agamemnon, but that of Homer’s Thersites or Virgil’s Drances; a harmless war of words. The public must be amused till the great Presidential Caucus is past, and the loaves and fishes are secured for another four years.

Such, sir, is the course for our enemies; for ourselves, measures much less harmless may be expected. An enforcing act, pregnant with biting penalties, will be pressed on Congress by the administration; it may be adopted, but the event is not certain. Administration appear disposed to concur in giving the continental system a fair and full experiment on England. The French Minister is considered a favorite at the Palace, while Foster is kept at a respectful distance—A few days will develop more fully the policy and plans of the administration.

Extract of another letter, dated Nov. 15.

Do you wish to know exactly how the opinions of the democrats stand, and what are their determinations? Hear then.

Most of the old members understand perfectly how to act the politician; but many of the new ones supposed the president in his message, and members in their conversations and more especially in their public speaking, were really in earnest when they talked about raising an army, employing volunteers, laying an embargo, or declaring war, or taking Canada. But they are now undeceived themselves, and have learned to deceive others;

so that in their correspondence with their constituents, and in public debate they will keep up the slang of assistance to Great Britain, but as to fighting in earnest I’ll assure you, they have no notion of it. “What,” (says a raw member from the north to an old member) “Not take Canada? Why, my constituents are red hot for it and even anxious to take the field. Indeed I have promised to get commissions for several in the army to be raised.” What was the answer?

—“Consider. First, What will be the expense? Say five millions, certainly not less, and perhaps more. Well, where are we to get the money? We shall have to borrow money enough for necessities and indisposables without the expense of this frolic of taking Canada, and direct taxes would soon put Timothy Pickens into the department of State, Charles Cotesworth Pickens into the President’s seat, and you and me at our occupations at home. ‘Twon’t do. Secondly, Who are to fight? The yankees won’t turn out in the present state of parties. They will not go there and fight, many of them, fathers sons and brothers, who have money over the line. How many hogsheads of blood do you suppose would be spilt? Blood is a dear article in such a government as ours. Defended as Canada is, and obstinate as the British will be, 50,000 men to be killed, and ten millions of dollars to be expended, is a moderate calculation which we ought first to consider being necessary. Thirdly, Of what advantage will Canada be to us? If you wish to hasten the separation of the union, this will be a sure and the speediest step. I wish to see a French Canadian sitting in this Capitol with us. No, sir, there is not among the leading members of our party one man so destitute of good, of patriotism, of a knowledge of his own individual welfare, as seriously to wish any attempt at this time to take Canada by force.”

“But what then,” says the new member, “what do Mr. — and Mr. —, and Mr. — mean by talking so about it?” “When you have been here two or three months,” was the reply, “you will better understand us; how we keep newspaper scribblers employed, and how we keep up our party.”

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No 15]

## THE SCOURGE

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BOSTON.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER

Naval Command

COMMODORE DE

No. III.

Commodore Stephen Decatur delphia, his father, the late Capt. was endowed with every virtue. The present Commodore has imitations of his parent—he is an officer for he commenced his nautical career the protection of the late father, Commodore Barry, as a midshipman, States frigate. His assiduity and knowledge of his profession soon confidence and friendship of his Command it was only necessary to see merit had the pleasure before his death of the list of Lieutenants. At the interest of Commodore Decatur, although he had been a successful in the revolutionary war; he was France; and on Mr. Jefferson’s behalf, and peace made with France, his services were no longer required, of his ship, the Philadelphia, Trigant Samuel Barron, since Commodore. some of his chief officers at the unduct of the Administration, and also of their late Commander, that several their commissions, amongst whom Thomas Wilkie, since deceased, and Thomas Hughes, who was lately in a merchant ship. Commodore Decatur employed until the year 1804, when Mediterranean with Commodore Prentiss, but was soon promoted to the prize as Lieutenant-Commandant. nity he had of shewing his skill and the frigate Philadelphia got aground taken possession of by the Tripolitan surrendered by her brave and humane bridge) the crew suffered the most want of almost every necessary for Tripolitans in two hours after her seizure, and warped her into the outward Decatur immediately saw it was possible crew at night by surprise, to set her the day before captured a small fruit and oil, which was bound for Tripoli on board the *Enticize*, an old pilot, a Tripolitan language, he suggested his name Preble, who approved of it. He kept of twenty hands, although a number had volunteered, and but one off a midshipman. He kept his men at the bottom of the exche, and only appeared guile, and the old pilot. When he answered, that he was able and anchor, and begged to make until morning. This they refused, I make fast to their stern hawser until the Admiral for leave. The boat put on which Lieut. Decatur, with his boarded the frigate, and out of fifty of them reached the shore. Their so great that numbers of them jumped in a few minutes, the frigate was in the out of the harbour with safety. The man of the little party wounded, a of saving his Commander’s life. He had been disarmed, and had fallen; saw his situation, and rushing forward a sabre on the arm, which death blow to his officer. Lieutenant immediately preferred to a Post Captain to a Lieutenant, and presented with American Government. He was the mode of the Neapolitan gun-boats United States, and had several served with those of the Bey of Tripoli, in had the misfortune of seeing his brother moment he had boarded one of the There never were brothers that had